

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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MR. EDITOR,

I have devoted some hours to transcribe the following story for your miscellany ; and trust you will have the goodness to insert it.

Yours, &c.

AMANDA.

—
THE ROBBER.

FROM THE

GERMAN OF M. VON MESSING.

FAMILY affairs obliged me to undertake a journey to the mountainous region of Bohemia, and I arrived without the slightest accident at the estate of my uncle in that kingdom. There I used generally to spend the evening in walking. In one of these perambulations night overtook me in a wood bordering on my uncle's domain, and extending on the contrary side to a chain of mountains. My imagination was so occupied with the idea of my native land, and the dear objects I had left behind, that I wandered unconsciously from the path. On awaking from this delicious dream, I found that I had totally lost my way ; all my endeavours to regain the right track were unavailing, and such was my situation, when I heard a sudden rustling near me in the

thicket. On raising my eyes, a man stood by my side, and enquired whither I was going ? I replied that I had lost my way, and at the same time mentioned the name of my uncle's mansion, requesting him to conduct me the nearest road to it. He was raised for a few moments, then answered:—'Tis a great way, and I cannot possibly conduct you now ; but if you will accept of a night's lodging in my house, follow me.'

I hesitated not a moment to accept this proposal. He walked along by my side in profound silence, answered none of my questions, and appeared to be quite absorbed in thought. At length he said,—' You have not been long in this kingdom.' No, replied I, but who made you acquainted with my situation ? ' Yourself,' I stood still, and looked at him with the utmost astonishment. ' Myself,' cried I, in amaze. ' Yes, yourself, this wood is frequented by robbers, and you seem not to be afraid.' ' Why should I be afraid, I have nothing about me that can be of any value to robbers.' He now grasped my hand with eagerness. ' Young man,' said he, ' you have nothing to fear ; the robbers in this wood never do commit murder.'

Amidst this conversation, we arrived at the door of a habitation concealed in a deep recess of the wood. My companion knocked three times; a rough voice cried from within,—‘Who is there?’ ‘A son of night,’ was the reply of my conductor. The door opened; I say myself, by the light of a lamp, in a spacious apartment, painted black; the walls were decorated with arms; a few chairs, and two tables, composed the whole of the furniture. One of them stood beneath a looking-glass, was covered with a white cloth, and upon it lay a human skull. ‘Jacob,’ said my companion to a man with a frightful physiognomy, make a fire in the chimney, and bring provision for my guest. In a few moments a fire blazed on the hearth; he took me by the hand, and we seated ourselves before it.

I had now for the first time an opportunity of examining this extraordinary man. I must candidly confess that I never beheld a more perfect model of manly beauty, but never were the characters of the most profound sorrow and affliction so legibly inscribed on any brow.

No sooner did our conversation commence, than esteem and astonishment took possession of my soul; never had I met with a man who combined such a variety of attainments; he passed with perfect ease from one subject to another, and it appeared as though he

had devoted a whole life to the study of each. Meanwhile, a clock that stood in the next room, struck twelve, and at the same time I heard the report of a gun from without. I started. ‘That is the signal for dinner,’ said my host; we turn day into night, and night into day. You will sit down with the refuse of mankind, with a band of robbers, but you have nothing to fear. At the table of kings you may often eat with greater villains, and the rights of hospitality are with us sacred and inviolable.’

He took me by the hand; a table was spread beneath a moss-grey oak in the front of the hut. I seated myself beside my host; eighteen other persons partook of the simple repast, seasoned only by the narratives of the leader. All listened attentively to him; there was nothing that could be construed into the slightest breach of decorum, but the conversation was such as you scarcely expect to find in the most polished private houses.

The repast being finished, I returned with my former companion alone to the apartment we had quitted. Our conversation was renewed, but not with the same vivacity. My host had become more grave, and all that he now said bore the character of gloomy misanthropy. I was struck with the unusual colour of his room, and at length asked—‘Why did you chuse black, that colour makes one sad,

and it is our duty to be cheerful.' 'You are right,' replied he, in a sarcastic, but by no means offensive tone. 'You are right if you speak of yourself, but as for me, I know joy only by name; to me that sensation has long been a stranger. You look at these walls; their black colour excites your surprise. It is the colour of my fate, and—Oh! that it were also the colour of my heart!—An extraordinary wish!—It only appears so to you. With a black heart I had perhaps been happy, now I am wretched, inexpressibly wretched! all my riches consist in yonder skull (at the same time pointing to it with a terrific look, and distorted features). It is my all, continued he; when in the hours of serious meditation I stand before it, and the thought that I too shall cease to exist, arises in my soul, then alone am I rich, richer than your princes, or the greatest of fortune's favourites. They lose, I gain; to them death is terrible, to me it is a blessing. To die never to wake more, what a delightful thought, on which I can never contemplate enough! I shall once sleep, and those serpents with me that prey upon my vitals! Whoever shakes my faith in annihilation, robs me of felicity! Oh, there are moments in which it would be happiness to be deprived of reason, a fearful truth, which in the days of prosperity I could not have believed. Sorrow and anguish impress deeper wrinkles on the brow than the tooth of time; but they are not mortal.'

The clock now struck two. My host shuddered. 'Already so late?' said he, and added in a milder tone, —'Pardon me, stranger, for having so long cheated you of your rest; in that room my bed is prepared for you; sleep, and be not afraid.'

I cordially grasped his right hand. 'You have told me too much, said I; you have excited my curiosity; may I intreat you to communicate to me your history?' But, heavens! what request had I made! his features assumed a terrific appearance; his look was that of despair.

'My history, replied he, with a ghastly smile, would not lull you to pleasing dreams; it would make the hair of your head stand on end, it would cause you to repent your request, and never will I violate the rights of hospitality. I wish my guests to sleep in peace beneath my roof. But to-morrow, before you depart, you shall hear the history of my life,—short, but not agreeable as a moment of pleasure.'

I went and threw myself upon the bed, but was unable to sleep. From time to time I heard a noise in the hut, and then again profound silence. At last the clock struck five; I could restrain myself no longer, sprung up from the bed, and opened the door of the chamber. My host was still seated before the chimney, with his eyes fixed on the extinguished ashes.

"You have not slept, said he : is this dwelling doomed to chase sleep from every eye ? He then made me sit down beside him, and a simple rustic breakfast soon made its appearance. Our conversation was of considerable length. It was about seven o'clock when I prepared to depart ; for I would not for the wealth of both the Indies have reminded him of a promise which seemed to give him so much pain. 'Then you are going,' said he. 'I must, replied I, at home all my friends will be under apprehensions on my account.' 'You are right ; for they know that this is the retreat of robbers ; but wait a few moments.' He then ordered a couple of horses to be saddled, and led me back to my seat.

'Young man, said he, in a grave and solemn tone, I will keep the promise I gave you, and you shall know the history of my life. I am the only son of a man of high rank in this kingdom ; my father, who was very rich, expended large sums on my education, and I flatter myself that they were not thrown away. I shall pass over the early years of my life, which cannot have any interest for you, and shall begin my narrative with my leaving the academy. On my return I received promotion, and in a few years had the fairest prospects of being called to conduct the helm of the state. Insatiable pride swayed the bosom of my father ; he loved me only because my progressive elevation was flattering to that

passion. Such was my situation ; surrounded with brilliant prospects, I, arrogant boy, imagined I could read the book of futurity, forgetful that the wisest of men cannot predict with certainty the events of the next minute. I saw a young female belonging to the lower class of the people. That inexpressible passion which has precipitated many a useful statesman, many a valiant warrior, from the pinnacle of glory, took entire possession of my heart. At first I employed every possible expedient to subdue her virtue. She repulsed me with contempt, and the fire burned still more fiercely. I threw myself at the feet of my father, and implored his consent to our union. 'Are you mad ?' thundered he, spurning me from him, 'a drab, from the scum of the people, my daughter-in-law ! rather could I see you and her on the gallows, than at the altar.' What room had I now for hope ? Half a year passed away ; I saw her seldom, but my passion daily increased in violence. In more tranquil hours, I certainly advanced every possible objection that could be made against such an union ; but what influence has cold reason over a heart replete with glowing passions ? Vanquished at length in this conflict, I fled with her to one of the remotest provinces of the kingdom, where the hand of the priest united us. With the little money I had taken with me I purchased a small farm. Here Rosalia and myself lived by the labour of our hands. These,

these were the halcyon days of my life! Beneath the lowly roof of my cottage I enjoyed greater happiness, than the prince with his diadem, or the hero crowned with laurels. But let us hasten over these scenes. At the expiration of a year I pressed a pledge of our love to my bosom, and for two more blissful years, continued to taste the delights of conjugal and paternal love, out of the cup of human felicity. One evening, on my return from the chase, I found my father at home with my wife. This spectacle excited sensations which it is impossible to express. Rosalia penetrated with gratitude, was embracing his knees, my little boy was bathing his hand with tears of infantile love. Joy threw me senseless on his bosom, for his consent was alone wanting to complete the measure of my happiness. In a word, it was the greatest festival that filial love and gratitude ever celebrated. But pardon me, stranger, I scarcely know how to proceed. In three days my wife and child died of poison, given them by my father; and on the fourth, died that father, by the dagger of his son! Adieu, stranger.

He pressed my hand at parting; the copious tears trickled from his large blue eyes, and attested the truth of his narrative. 'Adieu! that was the skull of my wife.' I departed; at the door I stopped, and once more turned towards him. 'Will you never return again to the society of men?'—'Never;

all that could impart felicity, is consigned to the grave; and, besides, I am more serviceable here than I should be among you. I am the captain of a band of robbers; now they only venture to plunder, whereas, were it not for me, they would assuredly murder too.'

I left him, accompanied by his servant, arrived at the skirt of the wood, whence I easily found my way back to the mansion of my uncle.

Most certainly there are men, guilty of the greatest crimes, who are proudly condemned by the multitude, but who, were we acquainted with their history, would not only be found deserving of indulgence, but perhaps of esteem.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Concluded from P. 117.)

"VILLAIN!" I exclaimed: 'Accursed villain!' folding up the letter, and returning it to the miserable being to whom it was addressed. 'And how did you act, my poor Eliza,' said I, taking her trembling hand. "Act!" she re-

peated, 'I flew from my persecutor, and resolved to implore relief from my friends : but, alas ! the heart of my father was steeled against me, and he inhumanly turned me out of his house. The tale which my abandoned seducer had circulated, too readily obtained belief ; and those by whom I was caressed, during the life of my benefactress, held up their fingers at me, and cried out *shame!*'

'One being, notwithstanding, pitied my misfortunes, and implicitly believed my tale ; but my little money is all spent, she is unable to support me, and this morning I quitted her humble dwelling for the purpose of soliciting relief.'

Here the ill-fated girl closed the melancholy narrative. I drew from my pocket a bank note, and putting it into her hand, said, 'My dear Eliza, I, like that villain, Edward, have an amiable aunt, to whom I will relate your history, and who, I am persuaded, will become your friend ; in the mean time *that* will be sufficient to supply your present necessities, and prevent you from becoming a burden to the good creature in whose house you reside.'

She gazed upon me with a mingled look of gratitude and astonishment : then fervently raising her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, God ! make me grateful for this unexpected, this welcome relief !" A waiter at this moment entered, and informed me that company

wanted the room. I shook Eliza by the hand, promised she should hear from me, and walked into the court-yard. My attention was instantly attracted by a corpulent figure, who was seated on a bench, expiating upon the venality of ministers, and the corrupt measures which were pursued ; when, turning his head, for the purpose of rejecting the fruits of smoking, he exclaimed, 'I told you I saw her go into the house ! that's *her*, Master Barkworth : yes, yes, madam's pride is now pretty low. Where are all her *silks* and *satins*, I wonder ? Why, I would not give five shillings for all the clothes upon her back : but no matter, 'tis good enough for such *strumpets*, I'd have 'em *all treated* like *June Shore*.'

'Poor thing ! poor thing !' replied his more humane companion. 'Indeed, Mr. Morris, you be too hard : who knows what *arts* the 'squire made use on to undo the young girl : to be sure she was wrong to run away from my lady, and they say as how it broke her heart ; but her time was come, or it would not have happened, for the Scriptures tell us a sparrow does not fall without the appointment of God.'

'I tell ye she's an *artful jade* ;' rejoined Morris, 'for 'twas *she* that took in the young 'squire ; and when my lady lay dead at the castle, he ketched her in bed with the groom.'

Oh, malice, how fertile are thy inventions! How basely, how undeservedly is the character of an unprotected female traduced! I felt resolved, however, to vindicate *that* of the much injured *Eliza*; and drawing nearer to Morris, I said, 'Are you speaking of that young lady who has just quitted the yard?'

'*Young lady*,' he repeated, in a satirical accent. 'Young w—— would have been a more *properer term*. Yes, I be; and what have you to say about her—is she any *relation of yours*?' 'She is related to me by those ties which ought to unite us in the bonds of mutual kindness and regard; with her history I am inclined to believe *you* are but little *acquainted*, or you would not have been so severe; however, as I happen to know every circumstance from the moment of her being taken under Lady Charlotte's care, I will, if you please, briefly relate them, and you will then find that you have been grossly deceived.'

Though *curiosity* is said to be peculiarly *attached to females*, I have always found an equal portion of that sentiment influence the minds of men; and the moment I made this declaration, Mr. Morris offered me a seat on the bench, saying, he only went by *hearsay*, and should be happy to listen to my account. I began *Eliza's* history from the death of her mother, expiating *upon*, or curtailing differ-

ent parts, according as I observed my auditors affected by it, or heard them spontaneously acknowledge the *truth*; and so completely was it impressed upon my own memory, that I was even able to repeat her seducer's letter without scarcely deviating from a word. I soon found that my companions were truly orthodox in their sentiments, and highly respected the ceremonial parts of our Church; I therefore warmly expiated upon the villainy Edward had been guilty of, in having the marriage rite performed for the base purpose of seducing an artless girl.

When I came to the conclusion of my story, I said, Well, Mr. Morris, do you now think the poor girl deserves to be treated like *Jane Shore*?

'How can you ax me such a thing?' replied he, in a softened accent. 'Why, I'd have the rascal cut into piece meal. If I was but a justice of the peace, I'd send the dog to the house of correction. No, I'd send him to Botany Bay. Well, my dame was right; for she always said as how she did not think the poor girl was to blame; but the 'squire told me with his own lips as how he *ketched her* in bed with his groom.'

I had observed that Barkworth, during the course of my narration, had repeatedly passed his hands across his eyes, and when Morris had concluded his observation, I demanded whether the poor girl

had not been inhumanly used. 'Tis sad cruel work,' replied the humane butcher, for that was the business he followed, I afterwards learnt. 'But I think as how her own father is as much to blame as the young squire, for to deny a night's lodging, and a little bit of victuals to his own flesh and blood, is what I call the most unnatural thing I ever heard of, and he would not so much as let her set a foot into the house; and had not a young woman, who once lived with Lady Charlotte, taken the poor thing in, she might have died in the street for what her relations cared; for I believe they be all alike'

'Well, my dame,' rejoined Morris, 'sadly wanted me to let her stay at my house; but, Lord, I thought all was true as the squire told me, and I thought it would look like flying in his face, howsomdever, I'll go home this very moment, and tell my Bet all I have heard, and she shall go and comfort the poor girl a little, and take her home, if she likes; and so, sir, your servant, and I am much obliged to you for having set things to rights.'

As Mr. Morris made this humane resolution, he shook the tobacco out of his pipe, but before he left me, I took care to inform him that Eliza would only be his guest a few days; as I intended making a relation of mine acquainted with her misfortune, who had

been wishing to obtain an agreeable companion for some time, and who would feel a pleasure in receiving the ill-fated girl under her care! Having given him this intelligence, I took a card from my pocket, and on the back of it wrote my aunt's name; at the same time requesting he would inform me, in what part of the village he lived, that when Eliza was sent for, the servants might know where she was to be found.

The sensation of delight which I experienced at having thus unexpectedly had an opportunity of rescuing the character of an amiable girl from the malicious aspersions of her enemies, may much easier be imagined than described; and sincerely do I wish that the censorious and illiberal would try the experiment of being candid and humane; as I am inclined to believe they would feel a much greater satisfaction than they ever experienced from *splenic remarks*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a young man lately arrived from the country, with the hopes of raising myself in the metropolis. Having always lived in the midst of rusticity, you may suppose I was not at my debut overpolished in manners, or super-refined in conversation. I was deter-

mined, however, to be below none of the city beaux, and immediately put up at a most stylish house. The gentlemen were somewhat surprised to find admitted among them a person of so uncouth an appearance as I possessed ; for I was appalled chiefly in homespun manufactures, wore a broad brimmed wool hat, and walked with a stick which I had formed from the body of a small peach tree. My first object was to display a stylish exterior, and for this purpose I took care to ascertain the first Taylor, Shoemaker, Hatter, Barber, and Hosier, that the town afforded, and bespoke a great profusion of clothes, boots and shoes, hats, whether cocked or round, perfumes, pomatums, and tweezers, stockings, gloves, &c. after the newest fashion, and offered to advance something extra to have them brought home as soon as possible. These articles effected a wonderful transformation on my person, insomuch, that I attracted more notice in the streets than any other passenger, and I am certain must have been taken for a very great character ; for although I was gaily dressed, I marched along with as much deliberation and gravity, as if my mind had been absorbed in profound speculations, or pressed upon by matters of national weight. I have often heard modesty commended as a virtue which is sure to exalt one in society, but between you and me, Mr. Editor, I think it a most abominably pusillanimous thing, practised only by children,

and by those who think like children. A more compendious method of exaltation is necessary : one morning, after having been extremely punctilious at the toilet, at which I had my head profusely powdered, I sallied forth to a livery stable, and taking a carriage and four, I placed myself between the windows, and ordered my coachman to drive at full speed through Broadway. This took complete effect upon the inhabitants, multitudes of whom were upon their morning promenade, male and female, all decorated with great magnificence. At what rate I was carried along, I cannot exactly tell, for I did not measure with my watch, but it is highly probable that no gentleman was ever transported with greater velocity. Every one on each side of the street gazed with amazement ; all were astonished, and each one had a conjecture of his own, as to who I was. Some took me for a great southern planter, some for a foreign ambassador just landed, while others supposed I was going on express to Washington, with dispatches to the President. I was soon talked of all over the city, and many expressed much anxiety to be honored with my acquaintance. Numbers who had seen me pass through Broadway, called upon me at my lodgings, to enquire if I had brought any news to town ; which, indeed, was a mere excuse to introduce themselves to my notice. I hope that I confirmed the pre-conceptions they had formed in my favor :

I made known to them the eminence of my parentage, the large tracts of country that my father owned, the houses he kept, and the cows that he milked, together with a little concerning myself, as, that I was more admired by the girls for several miles round the place I left, than any other of their gallants, that I had made a speech at a country meeting, to the acclamations of the people, was once talked of for member of Assembly, and had lately been promoted to a majority in the militia. All this they heard with great surprise, and bestowed an immensity of praise upon my forefathers and myself: very few of them ever called again as I have reason to think from being overawed at my presence.

At my lodgings I was very careful to observe the peculiar phrases of the gentlemen, all which I wrote down, alphabetically arranged in a book, and as language is considered a criterion of gentility, I produced them very lavishly in conversation. I strove to imitate the manners of those who were most esteemed in the first circles, and it was not long before I acquired great dexterity in making a bow, in helping the ladies off and on with their cloaks, in snuffing the candles, and in paying compliments. Matrimony was always delightful to me in anticipation, and now I resolved to have a wife. On a fortune I was determined, for I wished to live in princely magnificence. Lavinia I addressed, who, to a great

concentration of moral virtues added all the bewitching graces, and a fortune commonly estimated at one hundred thousand pounds; I soon affected her with suitable adoration of my person, and after three visits, I could perceive that I had acquired over her the power of life and death. She told me that she had hitherto been utterly impenetrable to the artillery of cupid, that all the gentlemen she had seen were in her conception materially defective, and that although she had been suited by the whole wit and wisdom of the town, I was the only person she knew who could endure the scrupulosity of rigid criticism. Mr. Editor, I cannot express the intolerable agony I felt upon being refused the consent of her father; after having feasted my imagination with the enrapturing prospect of possessing this divinity, with the addition of one hundred thousand pounds, I was horribly disordered to have all my hopes blasted. My coffers were now exhausted, and I was obliged at penury's command, to change my splendid accommodations for less gorgeous apartments at the upper end of the city. Even here I am straitened: my coat, waistcoat, and inexpressibles, are broken in so many places, that I am obliged to wear a great coat whenever I go out, though the weather should be uncomfortably warm, (by which I have been supposed to labour under various disorders) and I never venture into any of the central streets, except under cover of night.

This, sir, is a little specimen of my adventurous history, which I purpose one day to promulgate throughout the world. I have labored under many disadvantages of person and estate, for I am much below the middle stature, being but five feet and from four and a half to five inches, the precise point has not been settled by my family, among whom, this matter has been warmly contested. From the country I have never received any remittances. Merit is not always rewarded in proportion to its excellence ; those who have been most famous for genius and virtue, have often been permitted to lie forgotten in obscurity, while others, eminent for nothing but depravation of intellect and morals, have been exalted to the seats of precedence, and posts of honour.

SIMON BLOOD.

New-York, Dec. 21, 1807.

UNANIMITY.

THE smallest creatures *acting in concert*, have great power. The African ants sometimes set forward in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered an elephant quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours, nothing was to be seen on the spot but the skeleton of that enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey.

IRON CHEST.

The address of Wilford in this play, contains a beautiful and elegant appeal to moral feelings.

You know best

The movements of your heart, Sir. Man is blind,

And cannot read them ; but there is a Judge,

To whose all-seeing eye our inmost thoughts

Lie open. Think to him you now appeal;

Omniscience keeps heaven's register,

And soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,

Our trembling souls must answer to the record,

And meet their due rewards and punishment.

On a Lady, and her Picture.

ORIGINAL, and Copy, too,

Seem closely with the ART acquainted,

The likeness, therefore, is quite true,

For both are—*very highly painted.*

To a Poet.

WHY, still so anxious, friend of mine,

To seek the mystic aid of NINE ?

Thy prospect, and thy patron gone,

'Tis time to think of Number ONE.

The worst of Foes.

No, *Varus* hates a thing that's base,—

I own, indeed, he's got a knack

Of flattering people to their face,

But scorns to do't behind their back.

Every man ought to learn to swim—to make a pen—and to shave himself.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 9.

FRAGMENT OF A SIAMESE LETTER.

THE English affirm that they adore but one God ; I cannot believe them, for in addition to the living deities to whom they are used to address their prayers, they have many other inanimate ones to whom they offer sacrifice, as I observed in one of their assemblies into which I accidentally entered.

I beheld a large circular altar, covered with a green cloth, lighted in the middle, and surrounded by several persons seated in the same manner as we are at our domestic sacrifices.

At the moment of my entrance, one of them, who appeared to be the sacrificer, spread over the altar the detached leaves of a little book which he held in his hand ; on these leaves were represented various figures ; these figures were rudely painted, yet they must be images of certain deities, for as they were distributed to the circle, each of the persons present placed an offering upon them, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were much larger than those which they made in their temples.

After the ceremony I have just described, the sacrificer moves his

hand, trembling all the time, over the rest of the book, and remains for some moments petrified with fear and impatience. All the others, in anxious suspense, and motionless like himself, are attentive to what he is going to do : afterwards, at every leaf which he turns up, these motionless spectators are alternately agitated in different ways, according to the spirit which takes possession of them : this, clapping his hands returns thanks to heaven ; that, grinning looks steadfastly at his image ; a third bites his fingers and stamps the floor ; in a word, all throw themselves into such extraordinary postures and contortions that they no longer have the appearance of human beings. But no sooner had the sacrificer turned up a certain leaf than he himself is seized with phrenzy, tears the book, and devours it from rage—overturns the altar, and curses the sacrifice.—Nothing is now heard but lamentations, groans, cries, and imprecations. On beholding them thus transported with fury, I judged that the deity whom they adore is a jealous god, who, to punish them for sacrificing to others, sends to each an evil spirit to take possession of them.

Such is the opinion a Siamese might deduce from the passions of male gamblers. What would he think, if he had an opportunity of observing those of the female party ?

[En. pub.]

MAXIMS AND RULES, FOR THE
CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

By the Countess De Boufflers.

1. In the exterior, decency and cleanliness.
2. In demeanor, reason and simplicity.
3. In actions, justice and generosity.
4. In language, truth and perspicuity.
5. In adversity, fortitude and pride.
6. In prosperity, moderation and modesty.
7. In company, affability and ease.
8. In domestic life, rectitude and kindness, without familiarity.
9. Fulfil duties according to their order and importance.
10. Never allow yourself any thing but what a third enlightened and impartial person would allow you.
11. Avoid giving advice.
12. When you have a duty to fulfil, consider dangers only as inconveniences, and not as obstacles.
13. Sacrifice every thing to peace of mind.
14. Combat adversity, as disease, with temperance.

15. Be anxious only to do what is right, paying as much respect as possible to the world, and to the laws of decorum; but having observed this rule, be indifferent to public opinion.

16. Never indulge in any but innocent raillery, which is not injurious to principles, nor painful to persons.

17. Despise interest, and employ it nobly.

18. Deserve respect.

*The first play-bill issued from Drury
Lane Theatre.*

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians, At the new Theatre
in Drury Lane

This day, being Thursday, April
8th, 1663, Will be acted a
Comedy called

THE HYMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King	Mr. Wintersel.
Demetrius	Mr. Hart.
Selevoys	Mr. Bvrt.
Leontivs	Major Mohvn.
Lievtenant	Mr. Clvn.
Celia	Mrs. Marshal.

The play will begin at 3 o'clock
exactly.

Boxes 6s. Pitt 2s. 6d. Middle gal-
lery 1s. 6d. Upper gallery 1s.

Covent Garden Theatre opened
in the year 1732, with "*The Way
of the World*," under Rich. Ad-
mittance to the Boxes 5s.

AN ENGLISH ENTERTAINMENT.

*Fragment of an unpublished
Tour in England, in 1804, by Pic-
tet, of Geneva.*

—AT first a large circle, in which are exchanged a few words, extremely insignificant when the matter is neither fair nor foul. Then comes the entertainment, at which, when the appetite is satisfied, (and every one knows how limited the faculty is) all the delicacies that luxury has accumulated, become perfectly indifferent; and the conversation, which generally turns upon these dainty dishes, is consequently destitute of every kind of interest. At the third period, the ladies retire into the drawing-room, and the gentlemen seat themselves round a highly polished mahogany table, on which is placed before the master of the house a battery of decanters, full of different sorts of dessert wines. These he circulates one after the other, from hand to hand, among the guests, from right to left, for an indefinite time. I felt neither the disposition nor the ability to sit it out; and after patiently drinking for two hours, without having the least inclination to drink, a species of *question* to which, if I am not mistaken, persons accused of any very atrocious crime were formerly subjected, I availed myself of the privilege of being a foreigner, supposed to be ignorant of their manners, to steal away into the drawing-room. Alas! I only escaped from Charybdis to Scylla.

Here the circle of ladies was at the freezing point; and had it not been for the slight noise and motion occasioned by a few cups of tea which were handed around, I should have imagined myself alone, at the Curtius's exhibition of wax-work figures which I had formerly seen at Paris. The mistress of the house in vain made several meritorious efforts to set on foot some general conversation. At length about eleven o'clock the gentlemen again made their appearance: they took coffee and tea, the carriages drew up, and they departed, not without making an engagement to meet again in the course of the week at the house of someone of the guests who of course prepared an entertainment equally agreeable.

'And it is thus that you live in society in this country!' said I, with mortification to my excellent hosts, when the company had retired; 'it is thus you employ your time, your fortune, your faculties, physical and moral, in communicating reciprocal languor for the benefit only of the wine merchant, the butcher, the poulterer, and so forth!' 'Alas!' replied they, 'thus is society organized among us. We frequently experience the sentiment with which you appear to be so deeply impressed; many rational people would gladly change this mode of living; but no one is bold enough to fasten the bell; they would be accused of interested motives, by a class of fashionables, of whom they stand in awe

We are, therefore, obliged to pay the social tax, as well as many others, and to think ourselves fortunate when we can come off, as to-day, with only five or six hours murdered.'

DR. SMOLLET, speaking of the natural levity of the French, concludes by saying: "I shall only mention one custom more which seems to carry human affectation to the very farthest verge of folly and extravagance, that is, the manner in which the faces of ladies are primed and painted. It is generally supposed, that part of the fair sex, in other countries, make use of *fard* and vermillion for very different purposes, namely, to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the graces or conceal the defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I shall not enquire whether it is just and honest to impose in this manner on mankind; if it is not honest, it may be allowed to be artful and politic, and shows, at least, the desire of being agreeable. But to lay it on as the fashion in France prescribes to all ladies of condition, who cannot appear without this badge of distinction, is to disguise themselves in such a manner as to render themselves odious and detestable to every spectator who has the least relish left for nature and propriety: as for the *fard* or *white*, with which their necks and shoulders are plastered, it may be in some measure excusable, as their skins are natu-

rally brown, or sallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the least art or dexterity, not only destroys all distinction of features, but renders the aspect really frightful, or at least conveys nothing but ideas of disgust and aversion. Without this horrible mask, no married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite assembly, and it is a mark of distinction which none of the lower class dare assume.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John L. Everitt, to Miss Mary King, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Jacob Fogert, to Miss Eliza Westervelt, both of this city.

Same evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Dr. Matthew Winn, to Miss Elizabeth Aymar, both of this city.

At Morristown, N. J. on the 16th inst. Mr. Charles Freeman, of the house of Davison and Freeman, of this city, to Miss Harriot Beach, of the former place.

At Halifax, Capt. Sir T. M. Hardy, of H. M. S. Triumph, to Miss Louisa Emily Berkeley, eldest daughter of Vice Admiral Berkeley.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

A WINTER SONG.

Now Winter is come with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees ;

All nature seems touch'd with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze.

When wanton young lads on the rivers can slide,

And Flora attends us no more ;
When abundance awaits on your bright fire-side,

Forget not the wants of the Poor !

When the cold feather'd snow-drops in fleeces descend,

And whiten the prospect around ;
When the keen cutting wind from the north does attend,
Hard incrustrating over the ground ;

When the hills and the dales are all candied with white ;

When the rivers congeal to the shore ;
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the poor !

When the poor timid hare may be trac'd to the wood,

By her footsteps indented in snow ;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood,
And the woodlands resound tally-ho !

When the poor robin red-breast approaches the cot,

And the icicles hang at the door ;
When your board smokes with viands reviving and hot,
'Tis the time to remember the poor !

When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters encrease,

And in danger the travellers go ;
When the fish from their prison obtain a release,
And the rivers their banks overflow ;

When the meadows are hid with the proud swelling flood,

And the bridges are useful no more ;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
Forget not to think of the poor !

MUTUAL LOVE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life ;

I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss :
The tender look the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd ;
Some sweet sensation ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish ? 'tis all for thee ;
Hast thou a wish ? 'tis all for me :
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest ;
And is there aught disturbs my fair ?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast.

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